

Gah, RvB chaos!

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Summary: You know those morons running around inside that one canyon. Yea, unfortunately you do. When idiocy runs free and boredom inspires it, what will the Spartans do? [:grins: Hah, this one is pairing free. No slash. No het. Just contagious mindnumbing idiocy]

## 1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: RvB owns all their kick-ass characters.

A/N: They're just so dumb its hilarious. Oh yeah, and I didn't see all the episodes, so... yeah.

"What is it, Caboose?" Church sighed, attempting for the first time to reply calmly to the moron.

"Well... uh, I just thought you wanted to know... that, um, uh..."

His attempt lasted as long as it took to blink, "Just spit it out already!"

The blue-clad Spartan jumped at the rise in Church's temper, stammering out quickly, "W-we have some guests!"

"Guests?" Church turned to Tucker as the aquamarine colored soldier walked into the room, "Hey, Tucker, you have any clue what the hell this idiot's talking about?"

Freezing mid-step, he looked over at Church, an alarmed expression on his face, "I didn't do it! I swear!"

There was silence for a second. Then Church frowned, "Dude, what the \_hell \_are you talking about."

Tucker relaxed almost immediately, turning to leave the room as he

replied, "Oh, nothing worth mentio- I mean nothing."

Church caught Caboose trying to high-tail it out of there too, but caught his arm, "Nuh-uh, Caboose. Tell me what the fuck you were gonna say. NOW."

Caboose hung his head guiltily, turning back to the bluish white-armored Spartan. Sure, the big idiot could probably snap Church's arm several different ways, or just toss him out of the way. But no, he couldn't do that to Church. Not only because he was on the same team, but because he was Caboose's very best friend.

The blue armored soldier suddenly found the floor a very interesting thing to look at as he replied to Church, "Well... I know you do not like uninvited guests over, Church. ESPECIALLY if they are dressed in that \_one \_color you hate \_very \_very much, but-"

Church interrupted him, "Wait, Caboose. Are you trying to tell me that some Reds were dumb enough to try to sneak into the base?"

"Of course not," Caboose smiled, glad that Church seemed to understand him, "they used the front door."

"... Caboose, weren't you supposed to be \_guarding \_that door?"

The blue idiot sighed, "Of COURSE, Church. Otherwise they might not have been able to get IN."

Before Church could even begin wasting his breath to yell at Caboose, they heard a very surprised shout come from somewhere inside the base. Frowning, Caboose stated, "This cannot be right. Screaming time is not supposed to be here until LATER."

Tex ran downstairs from the roof, asking, "What the hell happened down here. I thought I heard Tucker screaming."

"He did."

"...AND is there a reason why?"

"How the fuck should I know?"

Tex rolled her eyes, "Asshole."

"Bitch." Church shot back as she darted from the room. Without stopping or turning, she flipped him off over her head.

"...Ummm, shouldn't we be following her. \_I \_do not want to lose." Caboose asked seriously. Then he continued more excitedly, "Maybe she went to greet out new guests! And \_Tucker \_too!"

Church turned to Caboose, his face twisted into an expression that read 'you are a moron' before replying reluctantly, "Yeah... I guess. It's not like we have anything better to do."

!-!-!-!-!-!

"Well... that was easier than I thought it would be." Griff commented aloud as the blue moron left the room.

"Why are we here again?" Donut asked, looking slowly around the inside of the base.

The yellow Spartan turned to look at the pink soldier beside him,  
"Uh, because that oh-so-great leader of ours said to attack the blue base."

"But... I thought you hated Sarge."

"I DO, pink tard!"

"Uh... so why are we here again?"

"..." Griff looked away sadly, "Because we have nothing better to do."

"I knew it." Donut admitted with a sigh, the assault rifle in his arms sagging a bit.

"Well..." Griff turned to take in the room, "since we're here... we might as well blow stuff up."

Suddenly an aquamarine Spartan walked through the room, his eyes closed as he hummed some tune. They didn't know what song it was. Actually, it probably didn't even matter. All they knew was the Spartan was committing an act that would offend all eardrums in the vicinity. The members of the Red team were too horrified by his awful humming to move. So they ended up just gaping as Tucker strolled right back out the room, still humming terribly off key. They heard some shouting in the other room, but they were still immobile.

Then Tucker strolled right back into the room, but this time his eyes were open. He opened his mouth.

"Aaaah!"

"Dear god NO!"

Both Donut and Griff had shouted simultaneously, believing the Spartan had been about to start humming again. Tucker's eyes widened, as if it suddenly hit him that the enemy had two of their agents within their base.

"AAAAAHHHHH!" Tucker shouted in surprise, "What are you doing here!"

But the two Red Spartans were gasping in relief, "Thank GOD."

Donut exchanged grateful looks with Griff, "I thought he was gonna start humming again."

And that is when Tex came running into the room.

!-!-!-!-!-!

"Sarge? Hey, Sarge?"

"What is it, Simmons?"

"I just thought I'd take a moment to comment on how great your great plan is."

"What, to send those two retard s in to get themselves blown up?"

The brown-noser paused, before continuing slowly, "Well... uh not exactly, Sarge. I thought you were sending... them in so-"

"Are you saying my great plan isn't great, private?" Sarge demanded menacingly.

"No no, of course not, Sarge." Simmons replied quickly, rubbing the back of his helmet nervously, "W-what I meant to say, was that-"

"That you'll volunteer to go in while those two morons distract them? Great idea, Simmons! Step to it, soldier." The Red leader interrupted enthusiastically.

Being the ass-kisser he was, Simmons knew when not to argue, even when it might mean he'll most likely get shafted, "Yessir, Sarge, sir!"

Sighing, the Sarge turned back to the sniper rifle he had been peering through. When he caught sight of the sniper on the blue team showing up, he knew things were gonna get interesting. He mentally patted his back in congratulations to his great plan.

!-!-!-!-!-!

"Awww, shit." Griff cursed.

"Crap, it's that \_crazy \_chick." Donut hissed a breath over a whisper to his teammate.

Tex rolled her eyes and asked, "Hey, what are you two IDIOTS doing here."

Seeing that no one was being killed or shot at, Griff replied conversationally, "Oh, well we're just here to attack your base and blow up stuff."

Tex stared at them. They stared back. She shrugged, raising her sniper rifle at eye level and said, "Oh, in that case, I'm gonna have to kill you now."

Panicking, the two Red teammates screamed like girls and tried running back outside. But two or three sniper shots convinced them otherwise.

"You missed!" Tucker shouted.

Tex took offense, lowering her rifle so she could reply angrily in her defense, "I did \_not \_MISS. I was just trying to get them to run-"

"Uh-huh, sure you were." Tucker interrupted, rolling his eyes.

"Hey, you don't know what you're talking about. I NEVER MISS."

"Well then, you'll just have to change that to, 'you never missed except for those three times you shot at Griff and Donut'"

"I only shot two times."

"Aha, so you admit you missed!"

"I DID NOT MISS!"

Griff and Donut exchanged stunned glances before darting for cover. Griff dove behind a pile of conveniently placed boxes, while Donut skiddaddled into the next room.

"Hey, LOOK Church, it's that \_one \_girl from the Red team."

"Wha-?"

Donut crossed his arms, "For the last ti-"

The pink Spartan cut himself off as he saw Church pull out his pistol. He darted for the only cover he could find in the room. Right behind the blue Spartan.

"Dammit, move Caboose!" Church ordered, his pistol aimed directly at the Spartan.

"I will..." The blue Spartan said slowly, "if you promise NOT to shoot her."

"What! What the fuck's your problem? She- I mean he- is the enemy!"

"I cannot shoot GIRLS, Church." Caboose said matter-of-factly, "And you should not either."

"Oh my god." Church gritted his teeth in anger, "If you don't get your ass out of the way, Caboose, I WILL shoot you."

"I am sorry, Church. But you will just have to shoot me."

Church stared. Then he shrugged, "Oh well, you asked for i-"

At that moment, Donut caught sight of one of his red teammates. Clearly disregarding the fact that Simmons was trying to sneak past the window, he shouted in relief, "Simmons! Did you come to rescue us?"

"Ah shit! Another one of 'em." Church dodged to the wall nearest the window, his hand gripping one pistol as he drew out another.

"They are acting just like that one animal that you told me about, Church. The mongooses."

"Uh... Caboose, I think you're talking about rabbits."

"Rrrriighht. Haha, Church, you are very funny." Caboose shook his head slowly, "\_Rabbits\_."

"Dammit, Donut! I was trying to tell you not to reveal my position!" Simmons shouted angrily from behind the safety of a small boulder.

"What?" Donut frowned, "But you were just waving and scratching an itch on your neck."

Simmons sighed, clearly frustrated, "If you had just READ that signal manual like Sarge told you to, then we wouldn't be in this mess."

Meanwhile, down in the other room...

"For the LAST time, Tucker. I DID NOT miss!"

"Clearly, those two or three bullet holes in the ground prove you wrong, Tex." The aquamarine responded with a sigh, waving to the evidence before them.

"TWO shots. TWO. That third one wasn't from my sniper rifle."

Griff was sitting in the same place he had been in what seemed like forever. A 'kill me now' expression was written on his face and he was slowly banging his head against the boxes.

"Hey, did you hear that?" The voice of the blue team's sniper made Griff immediately freeze.

"What, are you trying to change the subject now?" Tucker challenged, "Finally admitting that you missed those three shots?"

"TWO. TWO SHOTS TUCKER. Count my fingers."

"...I don't think that's very appropriate..."

Ignoring his last statement, the sniper continued, bringing up both her hands as she counted the offensive fingers, "\_One\_... \_TWO\_. Not THREE. TWO."

Standing up from his cover, Griff sighed, "I think the point we're trying to get across here, is that you missed."

Tex glared, "You stay outta this, Red!"

A shot later, Griff found himself once again huddled behind the safety of the pile of boxes.

"Ah, now that's four times you missed, Tex."

"OH. MY. GOD."

Griff slumped visibly, "This is gonna take a while..."

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-grins- hoped you guys liked it. Though, if you can't picture the Red

v Blue guys' voices, then it's not so great.

## 2. Chapter 2

Disclaimer: RvB and the guys from Rooster still own all their characters

A/N: -smirks- idiots are so damn hilarious. It almost makes up for their lack of brains. Almost.

"Hey Simmons, what are you doing here?" Donut asked, trying to spot the maroon Spartan behind the boulder.

"Shut the fuck up, Donut."

"Yeah, hey Simmons, why don't you come out and we'll... TALK." Church shouted from his position ducking under the window.

"YES. Talking is very good." Caboose said slowly.

Both Church and Simmons replied with irritation, "Shut up."

"Damn, Caboose, you sure take a lot of crap." The pink armored Spartan commented. He was, after all, the most sentimental of all the soldiers in the gorge.

"Shut it, traitor!" Simmons shouted from behind the boulder, "We can't be taking sides with the Blues!"

Remembering where he was, Donut repositioned himself behind Caboose, well out of range of the whitish blue Spartan crouched beneath the window. Suddenly, an idea hit Church.

"If you don't give yourself up, I'll shoot this Red here!" Church yelled in warning.

Caboose frowned, "I do not think-"

"Shut it, idiot." Church hissed before calling out, "Well, will you?"

"FUCK NO!" Simmons replied, much to the shock of Donut, "I'm not risking my ass for that piece of shit!"

"He would if Sarge was here." Donut muttered angrily to himself.

Well, technically it was to himself, but Church just happened to catch it. Grinning, Church shouted, "Well... all right. But I don't think your SARGE is gonna be very happy when I shoot him!"

From behind the boulder, the maroon Spartan stood, looking in the window, "Sarge!"

Shooting and pained cries ensued.

"Aah! I can't take it anymore!" Griff screamed as if in physical agony.

Tucker and Tex looked up surprisingly as the yellowish orange Spartan leaped up from behind the boxes. He had his hands clapped over the sides of his head, shouting angrily, "Shut up! Shut up! SHUT UP!"

With that said, he continued screaming crazily as he ran out of the base. Tex and Tucker exchanged stunned glances. Then, with a shrug, Tex turned to go back in the other room, "I'm gonna go polish my sniper rifle up on the roof."

"Yeah, and I'm gonna go..." The aquamarine soldier scratched his head, pausing a bit before saying aloud in the now empty room, "do, uh... stuff."

"What the fuck!" Tex exclaimed as she entered the next room.

Church was bloodied and groaning in the corner. The dark green Spartan could even swear she heard groaning coming from right outside the window as well. Holes from a battle rifle were gouged into the far wall. And she could see Caboose, unharmed, trying to console a frightened Red.

"What is that Red guy doing here?" Tex asked angrily, a frown creasing her brow.

"Oh, do you mean the one outside?" Caboose asked, turning around, "He was coming to rescue...um, uh... mongooses, or something like that. Unless it was the rabbits. I am not sure. And then Church and the red guy started shooting and then they started screaming and then there was more shooting and more screaming and then..."

"All right, Caboose, I get it." Tex interjected quickly, knowing how the blue moron liked to go on and on pointlessly. She waved her sniper rifle over to the pink armored Spartan still cowering near the corner, "But what is HE doing here?"

"He?" The blue moron looked around, confused, before turning back to Tex, "He is not a he. She is a girl and she is VERY frightened. 'Cause Church wanted to shoot her and then Simmons didn't want to rescue her from the bunnies. And then the mongooses were here to..."

"I suddenly do not like this plan." Donut spoke up from his corner, edging away from the room, "So I'll just be on my way."

"Hey." Tex trained her sniper rifle on the Red, making him freeze, "What was the plan?"

Donut threw his hands up in the air, shaking his head as he stammered, "I-I don't even know what the plan was. We were just supposed to go over here and... uh... well..."

"Spit it out!"

"AAH! Uh, we were supposed to attack the base. That's what he said. PLEASE don't shoot me!"

"That's what who said?"

"Sarge!"

"Oh," the girl Spartan withdrew her rifle, slinging it over her shoulder as she replied with a sigh, "that OTHER Red idiot."

Donut blinked, unsure whether to be relieved or insulted. Hell, what was he thinking. Being alive took priority over everything else.

"Hey..." Church shifted in pain, "I need... a doctor."

Caboose knelt next to the whitish blue Spartan, speaking in a loud whisper, "Do NOT move, Church. We will get you some help."

"Does it LOOK like I'm moving do you, dumbass!"

Caboose flinched before adding, "You should not shout either, Church. There might be more mongooses around..."

"Oh, god why?" Church groaned aloud, "Why must I be stuck with such a moron."

"You're one to talk."

"What was that Tex?" Church growled.

"What are you, deaf as well as brain-deficient?" Tex growled back.

Donut looked from one blue to the other before deciding, "I guess I'll just be going now... Minding my own business..."

Church jerked his head in Donut's direction, eliciting a shout of pain, before he cursed, "Fuck. Just shoot him already!"

"Nooooooooo." Caboose exclaimed, "She is a girl. We should not shoot her."

Tex stared at Caboose. He stared at her. She stared back. Donut stared at him. Church, still filled with pain, glared. But Caboose, not knowing what else to do, just continued returning her stare.

After a while, she decided to say, "Caboose. I'M a girl. That Red over there is a guy decked out IN girly colors."

"Hey," Donut frowned, "It's not like I CHOSE to wear this color."

"Shoot him! Shoot him! SHOOT HIM!"

"HEY. Calm down, dirtbag." Tex replied, sparing a whithering glance for the wounded Blue.

"Whose side are you on, Tex?" Church asked, "And why is no one getting a medic?"

"Because the guy whose name I cannot pronounce is off being evil with Omally in his head." Caboose answered.

"Sarge is an exceptional doctor." Donut piped up, before memory of what happened with Simmons and Griff resurfaced, "...Sort of..."

"What? Ask for help from a RED? FUCK NO!" Church cried out angrily.

"Hey, you're not in much of a position to refuse." Tex pointed out.

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"AHHHHH! AHHHH! AAAAAAHHHHHH!" A hysterical Griff continued to scream as he ran blindly through the canyon.

Sarge had found it amusing for the first half an hour, but soon it just got boring. With a sigh, he tossed the sniper rifle in favor of two pocketed needlers before reluctantly heading out of the base.

"AHHHH! AAAAHH!"

"Griff."

"AAAAAHHH! AHHHH!"

"Griff!"

"Aaaahhh! AAaaahhh!"

"GRIFF!"

"Aaah! Aaa- yes?" The Red stopped running crazily in circles.

"What in the name of Blue Cheese happened to the god darn plan man!"

"Well we got in pretty easy 'cause one of the blue morons let us in then the crazy chick with the rifle showed up and we ran like girls- I mean we made a tactical retreat but then she freaked us out as she shot crazily and they started arguing like crazy which made me crazy and I ran and screamed and ran and-"

"Yeah, I saw all tha- I mean I got all that, Griff. Now what for the love of jerky happened to your teammates?" Sarge asked.

"Oh yeah, them. Well, uh... Seriously, I don't know." Griff shrugged, though he was not smart enough to stop the next words, "And truthfully, I don't much care."

He should've seen the blow coming, but was still surprised as he staggered from the whack to the back of his head, with Sarge berating, "Good god man. No wonder I knew you wouldn't make a good soldier! Idiotic, selfish, egotisti-"

"Hey Sarge." Donut greeted.

"Oh, hey, Donut." Sarge replied, interrupting himself and about to continue yelling at what he believed to be his worst recruit when he did a doubletake.

Behind Donut was the blue moron carrying Simmons and Church over each of his shoulders. Tex and Tucker had stopped slightly behind them.

"By Salami and all that is holy..." Sarge gaped, before glaring at the pink soldier, "DONUT! How could you lead the Blues straight to our base!"

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Haha, this is pointless. Pointless! I don't even know where the story's heading.

### 3. Chapter 3

Disclaimer: Rooster Teeth owns RvB characters.

A/N: Arg, thinking like an idiot is hard. I luv my gatorade.

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After much fighting, bickering, joking, and ultimately mind-numbing dumbness, the reds decided to help the blues.

"First things first." Sarge said in a don't-mess-with-me tone, "What happened to Simmons?"

"Yeah, what happened to Private Kiss-Ass?" Griff asked.

"Well, the bunnies and mongooses—" Caboose began, when Tex cut her moronic teammate off.

"I found them after what was a two man firefight. Both pansies fired a whole lot but hit very little other than walls and inanimate objects. Both suffered one or two shots, which bled and made it look much worse than it really is. I say they aren't really unconscious, but rather they must have fainted. Knowing Church, I wouldn't be surprised. Though I'm not sure about your other man."

"Hey, I did NOT faint!" A suddenly awake Simmons struggled over Caboose's shoulder, "I just didn't wanna walk all the way back here."

"Yeah, same here bitches." Church agreed, awake as well.

Simmons turned his head to give Church a look, "Why the hell would a blue want to be carried from the crappy blue base over to the more extravagant Red base? Oh, wait, I see your point."

"Shut the fuck up, Red." Church shot back, hitting him across from Caboose's back.

"Well, maybe if you'd make more sense, I would, fuckin' bluetard."

Simmons replied, taking his own fist and ramming against Church's face.

"Oh, you're freakin' askin' for it, Red."

As the two tried to fight it out then and there, on top of Caboose's shoulders, everyone else watched, their expressions ranging from amusement to disgust.

"Stop it, Simmons." Donut said pleadingly.

"Stop fighting, idiot." Tex, in turn, said to her teammate.

But both were pointedly ignored. Then something that was previously impossible happened. Something so unbelievable nothing was said for a whole twenty minutes.

The whole canyon was suddenly enveloped in DARKNESS.

Then everyone started screaming. After another twenty minutes, Tex was the first to recover, shouting instead for everyone to shut up.

"Aaaahh! AAHHH! Ah- OWW!" Someone who sounded a lot like Church shouted.

"Church! Where are you! Someone was shouting in my ear so I-"

"That was me, Caboose you freakin' moron!" An indignant Blue shouted from the ground, "Why'd you throw me?"

"... I did not throw you, I threw the thing that was making screaming noises." Caboose attempted to explain in his monotone, speaking to a dumb person voice. But obviously Church did not understand.

"Caboose! That. Was. ME."

"Haha, the blue was screaming like a girl." Simmons chortled, still on Caboose's shoulder, "And he got chucked on the ground by his own dumbass teammate."

"You got the dumbass part right." Church muttered, before catching the rest of what the Red had said, "HEY! I was NOT."

Tex, shrugging, "I'd say pretty much everyone was."

"HA! That includes you!" Church grinned.

"...Church..." Tex took a moment to just stare at him in the darkness, "I AM a GIRL."

At this point, Caboose felt obligated to say something, "So is the pink lady" -he continued, ignoring the indignant 'I AM NOT' from the said 'lady'- "Now why is the sky dark. Who turned off the switch? I was not aware there was a switch but now that I see that there IS one I say that we turn it back on. I do not like the dark. It scares me. Can someone turn it back on?"

Simmons yelped, "Your crushing me, moron! Put me down right

now!"

Caboose, in turn, jumped, "SOMEONE is shouting in my ear. I do not like the DARK."

Simmons gasped, "My replaced parts... being crushed... can't..."

Not wanting to fix Simmons up again, Sarge spoke up harshly, "Now, son, you put Simmons down or so help me by the power of cheese itself-"

"You have CHEESE?" Caboose asked, chucking Simmons over his shoulder as he stepped towards Sarge, accidentally stepping on Church in the process.

"OW. CABOOSE!"

"Church? Church! Where are you? WHO is hurting you?" Caboose called out.

"Get the fuck off ME, moron. You're the one hurting me!"

"I do not think I can be hurting you, Church." Caboose reasoned as he stepped back, "How can I if I can not SEE you? And even if I DID see you I would not hurt you, Church."

"Did you forget about the time with the tank?" Church asked, his glare wasted in the darkness.

By now everyone's eyes had adjusted enough to at least make out the outlines of people, even though they didn't know whose silhouette was whose.

"Dang." Tucker commented aloud, "I almost forgot what the night sky looked like."

"I forgot how DARK it gets." Donut commented.

"I forgot how you can't see everything." Griff said conversationally, before adding bluntly, "I don't like it."

"And I forgot...uh, to forget." Caboose added, not sure what everyone was saying as he only caught that people were forgetting things and suddenly knew that he wanted to forget things too. But when he had been about to tell what he had forgot he had forgotten what he had forgot so he forgotten... forgotten... ah shit whatever.

"I didn't forget how idiotic you morons were." Tex mumbled before asking in a ticked off tone, "Why doesn't everyone just turn on their flashlights."

As she said it, she turned her own on, pointing the rifle's light downwards and away from everyone's eyes. Tucker was the next to do it, having grabbed a battle rifle on his way out.

"Dammit, Tucker! Shine that thing somewhere else!" Griff growled before turning his own on.

"Crap. I don't have weapons with lights." Church cursed, standing up.

Simmons laughed as he turned his on, "Too bad. With that empty head of yours, I'm pretty sure you could have stuffed a couple in there for emergencies."

"Good one, Simmons." Sarge praised, always glad to see a Blue made fun of.

"Thank you, sir." The private beamed.

"Damn, ass kisser." Griff grumbled, seeing what was coming next.

"Now you should be more like private Simmons here." Sarge commented to Griff, "He really knows how to lighten a situation up. Get it? LIGHT a situation up."

"Haha, good one, sir."

"Shut up, Simmons."

"Sir yes sir, Sarge."

"Speaking of situation," Church butted in, "What the fuck just happened? Since when is there a nighttime in this hellhole?"

"Since now, obviously." Griff said.

"This doesn't make any sens-"

"My flashlight does not work." Caboose suddenly said, his voice slightly tuat in nervousness.

Irritated at being interrupted, Church sighed angrily before making a grab for the gun, "Give it. Did you even turn the damn switch?"

"This one?" Caboose inquired slowly, turning it on just as his revered teammate stuck his face in front of the 'broken' flashlight.

"GAAHH! My eyes! Mother \_fucker\_, you blinded me!" Church shouted in pain, followed by an even longer string of curses and shouting.

"I... DO not think those are very nice things to say, Church." Caboose said slowly.

"Get that damn light away from me!" A still slightly blinded Church shouted, whirling and tripping over a certain maroon soldier.

"Fuckin' Blue, get the fuck off me!" Simmons shouted.

"Guys, I don't think any of this is helping." Donut, playing the role of comforting the frightened Blue, stated.

"No, duh, idiot." Griff sighed.

"I suggest we check on our reserves and lock down our bases. No

telling what could attack us in the darkness." Tex suggested.

"For once, I think I actually agree with you." Sarge said, sounding surprised, "Maybe it's 'cause that very same thought crossed my mind."

"Did NOT." Griff scoffed.

"Shut yer trap, private. Keep this up and you'll get demoted." Sarge growled warningly.

"Yeah. Yeah, that was my idea too." Church said, much to the rolling eyes of Tex and Tucker, "So, uh, Blue team, let's go scope out our place."

"Whatever." Tex said, turning and heading back without another glance.

Tucker followed, checking behind him to see Caboose following uncomfortably close.

"Dude, walk any closer and you'll be wearing my boots." Tucker said.

As they headed off, the voice of a very worried Caboose could be heard, "I do not like this plan. I do not like the dark. Tucker, what if there are ghosts...?"

"Caboose, trust me, there are not any ghosts..."

"Fucking weanies, of course there aren't any ghosts. What are you, eight?" Church, trailing behind, asked incredulously.

Sarge watched them go, turning back to his team, "Simmons, do you think you'll need any new parts?"

Paling at the idea of being 'fixed up' again by the Red team leader, he shook his head quickly, "No, sir. Everything's good here, Sarge. Just a little blood."

"Good." Sarge nodded, turning to Donut and Griff as he shouted, "Now what happened to the god DARN PLAN!"

"I don't know..." Donut said nervously.

"The plan was crap... sir." Griff commented.

Sarge's eyes narrowed dangerously. Simmons berated, "How could you say that, Griff? I thought it was a great plan, Sarge."

"Thank you Simmons. I see SOMEONE here appreciates a good plan when he sees one."

"Are we going to, um, check out the base?" Donut asked quietly.

Griff eyed his teammate, "What. Scared or something?"

"NO!" came the indignant reply, "It's just so hard to see. Something could attack you at any time."

"That's what the flashlights are for, numbnuts." Sarge said, pivoting as he waved his arm, "Now come on, men. If anything decides to try an' attack us, oho, boy will they be sorry they were born."

"I think I'm sorry I was born." Donut muttered before following.

End  
file.